Recreations for the Home Circle

Brought Out Recently.

Painted Board.

representing various forts, ranches, noted scouts, etc. A broad trail winds about the

presentment of the scout referred to is away ahead on the trail, and the lucky player is

immediately transported there. At his next spin of the disk he continues on the

. The Latest Craze.

tice soon begets skill at this curious pas-

the position of one army on the lower half.

general of each army commands

Through Which Frailty's Nameless

A Noble Charity Which Doubtless Prevents Many a Dark Crime.

HOW THE OUTCASTS ARE CARED FOR

structure, straggling over an entire square, whose closed doors and small heavilybarred windows give no hint of what may be going on within. My attention was first attracted by its appearance of antiquity, the utter silence that broods over the locality, and the numbers of black-gowned priests and blue-gowned Sisters of Charity who are constantly gliding in and out its wormeaten portal.

The ancient edifica which is now nearly 300 years old and for more than two cen tories served as a convent for the nuns of Santa Catarina-is one of the several found ling institutions which have long flourished in Peru; and the swinging box, like those we read of in France and Italy, is set every night with its hollow side outward, for th reception of any infants that may be placed in it by unknown hands—a perpetually open door for the shelter of those unwelcome door for the shelter of those unwelcome wais who are immeasurably worse than orphaned. The mother, or her emissary, stealing along that deserted street in the darkness, has only to put the new-born citizen into the box, give it the slightest impetus, and around it turns, affording immetus. diste protection to the tiny occupant, while no eye inside the building can see who placed it there. A Sister of Charity is stationed on the inner side of the wall,

Inside the Institution

In due time we obtained permission veraged about three a week, and that so far

dently belong to the poorest classes and ar-rive naked or wrapped in rags; others are dressed in the daintiest raiment that love and wealth and the instinct of materna tenderness can suggest; that with the latter is usually found a generous sum of money for the child's maintenance, and not infre-quently a tear-blotted letter beseeching especial care for the forsaken baby and

Money From Unknown Donors. This box is an inexhaustible source of revenue for the asylum, and nearly every night it is secretly revolved by outside hands (presumably by those who have unacknowl ever asked, and no enerts made to trace the parentage of the waifs. On certain days of the week the institution is open to visitors, and the children may be adopted by whoever desires them; thus giving the unknown parents an opportunity of secretly seeing their cast-aways, and of eventually repossess ing themselves of them without fear of dis overy-unless, as sometimes happens, pature is too powerful to be overcome by guile and unfortunate babies develop a marked re-

semblance to the authors of their being.

The outer walls of the quaint old building are four feet thick and ramble around three inner courtyards, each of which has its cenral fountain and tangle of flowers and passion vines, and clump of olive or fig trees shading the shrine of a Christ, a Virgin or a saint. These courts are surrounded by long lines of queerly carved pillars, now streaked with mold and crumbling under

A Picture of the Matron

tables; and the blue-gowned matron—her round, benevolent face shining like a fullblown peony in the sun, with rosary, cru-cifix and bunch of keys jingling at her side, and the flaps of her wide, white bonnet standing out like sails—failing to budge the standing out like sails—failing to budge the
animals by the usual "st-th-th! underlic!"
put her strong, fat shoulder to each one's
rump and quietly pushed it out of the way.
Such immaculate cleanliness prevails
everywhere that one might eat of from
every inch of flooring, whether of wood,
tills everywhere all and the absolute siles. tile, or adobe; and such absolute silence reigned that we found it difficult to believe there were actually a great number of chil-dren quartered under the roof. No muddy ittle jootprints, nor marks of careless fingers, nor shouts of childish glee pro claimed their existence. A glimpse of the perfect discipline needed in such a crowded nstitution is anywhere enough to give one

The Mother's Instinct Missing. The good sisterhood, by the way, being all maiden ladies, are scarcely the natural guardians of childhood, having voluntarily oregone the development of the maternal in

undoubtedly are, I searched every count

tificial flowers, fancy boxes, lace and embroidery, and are trained for domestic service. If not adopted, and if self-supporting, they may remain here permanently, should they choose to do so; or at the age of 18 they may go forth to shift for themselves.

Advantages of the System of Retail-Orphans of Middle Age.

There are a number of "orphans" here, both male and female, reared in the institu-tion and are now nearing middle age, who prefer to work hard all their days for the general good rather than leave the shelter of the only home they have ever known. The young men earn considerable sums at their various occupations, and the girls take in fine sewing, embroidery and laundry work. They have also a model bakery in the house, and the very best bread that is

itconnessondence of the disparce.

Arequipa, Peru, Jan. 2.—In the center of this old city, nearly opposite the ruins of what was once the Woman's Hospital, which was shaken down by the great earthquake of 20 years ago, is a very ancient-looking throstyre streaming and the very best bread that is sold in the city comes from these ovens. At present there are 426 children in the asylum. The smallest of these able to be out of the nursery, (a class of 47 between the ages of 2 and 5 years), were put their best paces for our edification, with little songs and parrot-like dialogues, each setting forth their religious faith and the goodness of their religious faith and the goodness of their religious faith and the goodness of their protectors. All were neatly though poorly clad—the girls in blue gingham gowns, the boys with jean jackets and trousers, both sexes wearing aprons exactly alike, of the same coarse blue cloth that the Sisters wear for dresses, with woolen hose knit by the larger girls and negged shoes knit by the larger girls and pegged shoes made by the boys. Each little apron had a square pocket patched on in front, into which was thrust a calico handkerchief, but the usual lamentable neglect peculiar to childhood's use of the latter article pre-

The Comb and Rosary

At the head of each little cot in the long, clean dormitory hung a calico bag, marked with the owner's number, containing a comb and a rosary, and woe to the luckless youngster who forgets the use of either! The most amusing part of our entertainment was furnished by the large boys' band. We came down the old stone stairs of the old dormitory at the tap of the drum, and saw ranged under the fig trees a group of lads from 12 to 14 years old, who rendered some really creditable music, upon what at first sight looked to be first-class instruments. Closer inspection, however, disclosed that

the horns and cornets were nothing but pasteboard and twisted paper, the bass drum made of a skin stretched over a half barrel, held in place by the original hoop, and the snare made from a lard can, which still showed the New York brand painted on its side. One young genius had a section cane cut into a flute; another had a common coarse comb with a bit of paper over it for a mouthpiece, and the rest tooted away upon netooth combs.

Outcasts of All Classes

Among the crowd of little faces it is noticeable that none of them are purely Indian, though so large a percentage of Peru's population are Indians. Many are unmistakable aristocrats in features and bearing and not a few have the fair hair and blue eyes of

Anglo-Saxon blood.
On the following Sunday we were invited to go with the children to a beautiful estate in the outskirts of the city which had been willed to the institution by a deceased Frenchman. We marched three miles through dusty lanes bordered by cactus and wild nasturtions, beside the blue-gowned sisterhood and troop of castaways, simply for the pleasure of seeing the latter enjoy an hour or two of freedom and sunshine. There is a house on the estate, a beautiful flower garden, an orchard, swings, arbors, fields green with barley and aliaifa, and meadows where sheep were browsing; and it did one's soul good to see the forsaken creatures happy as so many butterflies, the elder children taking care of the little ones, and the good Sisters sitting by, each busy with her knit-ting work. FANNIE B. WARD.

FEATHERED COSMOPOLITANS.

Long Island a Resort for Birds From Many Distant Climes. Confirmation is constantly being obtained to the statement of John Akhurst, of this city, that Long Island is a locality where the birds of many climes do congregate, says the Brooklyn Standard-Union. Arctic birds at certain seasons of the year are found here and those of milder regions than ours are Inlet Life Saving Station have killed 14.

and 20 of the same species of bird have been taken in the vicinity of Sag Harbor. The snow owl is found in the No. regions of America, Europe and Asia. It hunts in the day time and at morning and evening twilight. Being of rapid and pow-erful flight, it strikes ducks, growse, pigeons, etc., on the wing like a falcon, and seizes hares, squirrels and rats from the ground, and fish from the shallows. From its color it is seen with difficulty, amid the rocks and snow of its favorite haunts. Some of the wise men down on the island say that the catching of so many snow owls indicates a very severe winter, but the predictions will hardly hold good. Ornithologists tell us that snow owls are sometimes found in winter as far south as Georgia, and it is not probable that their appearance on Long I-land has anything to tractive ornaments after being mounted by a taxidermist, and the Nimrods of the themselves fortunate when

THE RED JACKET MEDAL.

they succeed in bagging one.

Peculiar Relic of Interest in These Days of Indian Troubles. Mrs. Elizabeth Townsend Meagher, widow

of General Thomas Francis Meagher, has presented the Red Jacket medal to the State of New York, arranging that the Red Jacket Club, of Canandaigua, N. Y., shail be its custodian. It was given by Washington to the eloquent chief in 1792 when Red Jacket had come to see the Great White Father as ambassador for the six nations whose hunting grounds were in the western part of New York in the western part of New York and thereabouts. The Father of His



Country was much impressed by the bear

Advantages of the System of Retail-

ing Electric Currents.

FIRES STARTED BY THE WIRES.

Shearing Sheep, Threshing and Running Farms by Electricity.

In the earlier days of electric lighting it was the common practice to sell current at a "flat rate." Are lamps for street lighting are so sold down to the present time except that the vague phrase that they should be of so many candle power is stipulated in city contracts. The requirement that such lamps shall be of 1,200 or 2,000 c. p. is, in fact, purely conventional, and is not intended to represent the actual value of the lamp. Electric light men themselves would much prefer to have the lamps rated in terms of the energy or current that they

In incandescent lighting this reform is tude is far beyond that attained in gas lightconsumer can bear witness to. It is still customary to call incandescent lamps as 10candle power, 16, 32, 50 and so forth, but it ing to the "watts" they use up at their best efficiency. Thus they represent at once a horse power job in some shop or factory whose proprietor thought there was no limit to its ability or endurance. These motors, in turn, as well as dynamos, are now rated also at their watt capacity, or, to state it in another way, in the number of amperes of current they will produce at a certain pres-sure or voltage. This practice has already become so prevalent in England that it is the rule without exception, and some of the largest American electrical manufacturers have begun to classify their machines on the same intelligent basis. This resort to definite figures and an exact scale has led to an enormous demand for measuring instruments and meters, and a great deal of ingenuity is bestowed just now on their in-

Installing Theater Lighting Plants. A London electrical journal, in comment-

of theaters by fire which was supposed to be caused by electricity, enjoins greater care being taken in the installation of electris lighting plants in theaters. A theater and ts accessories should be looked upon in the light of a powder magazine or dangerous coal mine, and similar precautions to those which are adopted for these should be fol-lowed in such places of public entertain-ment. The crossing of wires, which ought to be easily guarded against, has of late become a matter of too frequent occurrence. To whatever cause, however, the recent fires may be due, electric lighting, though by far the safest means of artificial illumination in existence, becomes, when carelessly con-ducted, a very dangerous element and will be the cause of more fires unless the most stringent supervision is exercised by the contractor over his men and by the tech-nical adviser over the contractor. Such a Arctic birds. While gunning on the South Beach, opposite Babylon, recently, George Saxton shot one. The crew of the Zachs Talet Life Saving Station have killed 14. every fire that occurs.

Insulating Electric Wires.

In an interesting article on the invention of the electric motor by Davenport, a Ver-Reid, now United States Consul at Dun-fermline, but then a pioneer with Mr. Morse, started out in charge of a gang and coated the wires between Philadelphia and Balti-more with tar. No hotel proprietor would

Threshing by Electric Light.

been its influences in modifying the conditions of various industries. Another of the innumerable exemplifications of this which are constantly being recorded is the fact that a great deal of threshing which farmers heretofore carried on in the long summer days is now continued through the night by means of the electric light,
This arrangement is particularly
advantageous to the proprietor advantageous to the proprietor of threshing machinery, which can be hired out, as the machine can thus in a single season earn half as much more hire. Where the farmer's staff is limited to a certain number of laborers, and more are not available, it is no small convenience if they can be made free for the accomplishment of other duties by a more rapid completion of the threshing. The economy of fuel is also a matter of moment, as the consumption is considerably reduced by keeping the boiler constantly hot, and thus obviating the necessity of getting up steam afresh

Shearing Sheep By Electricity.

cial arrangements are made to keep the speed of the shafting constant, though the work being done continually varies.

A Plume of Spun Glass. And Columns of Glittering Diamonds

Cauldrons That Spewed Up Dore-Like Mud, Sheets of Sapphire and Beryl and Pools of Crystal.

That Rose Before Kipling in

Yellowstone Park.

THIN AIR THAT MAKES ONE DRUNK. Sitting Enthroned Amid Clouds of Sunset as Spirits Sit

in Pictures.

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE.

Once upon a time there was a carter who brought his team and a friend into the Yellowstone Park without due thought. Presently they came upon a few of the natural beauties of the place and that carter turned his team into his friend's team, howling. "Get out o' this, Jim. All hell's alight under our noses." And they called

the place hell's half acre to this day to witness if the carter lied. We, too, the old lady from Chicago, her husband, Tom and the good little mares, came to hell's half acre, which is about 60 acres in extent, and when Tom said: "Would you like to drive over it?" we said: "Certainly not and if you do we shall re-

and abominable, and it was given over to the sportings and spoutings of devils who threw mud and steam and dirt at each other with whoops and hatloos and bellowing curses. The places smelt of the refuse of the pit, and that odor mixed with the clean,

the novelty, came upon a really park-like place where Tom suggested we should get

out and play with the geysers on foot.

Imagine mighty green fields spattered with lime beds; all the flowers of the sumtrouble in that place-mouning, splashing gurgling and the clank of machinery. A

Looking It in the Mouth. I removed swiftly. The old lady from Chicago shricked. "What a wicked waste," said her husband. I think they call it the Riverside Geyser. Its spout was torn and ragged like the mouth of a gun when a shell has burst there. It grumbled madly for a moment or two and then was still. I crept over the steaming line-it was the burning murl on which Satan lay-and looked fear-fully down its mouth. You should never

had begun with awe, not to say terror, for this was my first experience of such things.

"There's no use in an Indian, anyway," I stepped back from the flanks of the River-side Geyser, saying: "Pooh! Is that all it can do" Yet for anght I knew the whole thing might have blown up at a minute's

uncertain temper. The Vision That Opened. On either side of us were hills from 1,000 or 1,500 feet high, wooded from crest to heel. As far as the eye could range forward were columns of steam in the adamite monsters, still pools of turquoise blue, stretches of blue corn flowers, a river

that coiled on itsel: 20 times, pointed boulders of strange colors and ridges of glaring, The old lady from Chicago poked with her parasol at the pools as though they had been alive. On one particularly innocent looking little puddle she turned her back for a moment and there rose be-hind her a 20-foot column of water and steam. Then she squealed and protested that "she never thought it would ha' done it," and the old man and steam. chawed his tobacco steadily and mourned for steam power wasted. I embraced the whitening stump of a middle-sized pine that

had grown all too close to a hot pool's lip, and the whole thing turned over under my hand as a tree would do in a nightmare from right and left came the trumpetings of elephants at play. If the long-baired mammoth of the science primers (he that was etched by primitive man) had broken out undergrowth I should not have been in the least surprised. Wonders of Nature's Chemistry.

trod; and that ink and blood should be ous water spat out from the lee of the bank of flowers. This sounds mad, doesn't it? A moon-faced trooper of German extractionup to inform us that as yet we had not seen any of the real geysers; that they were all a mile or so up the valley and tastefully scattered round the hotel in which we would

rest for the night. America is a tree country, but the citizens lock down on the soldier. I had to enter-tain that trooper, The old lady from Chicago would have none of him; so we loafed along together, now across half rotten pine logs sunk in the swampy ground, anon over the ringing geyser formation, then pounding through river sand or brushing knee deep through long grass. We rounded and limped over a low spur of hill and came out upon a field of aching snowy lime, rolled in sheets, twisted into knots, riven with rents and diamonds and stars, stretching for more

The Bath of the Goblins. big, bad geysers, who know when there is there is a cyclone on the Atlantic seaboard, and who are exhibited to visitors under pretty and fanciful names. The first mound that I encountered belonged to a goblin who was splasning in his tub. I heard him kick. pull a shower bath on his shoulders, gasp, crack his joints and rub himself down with a towel; then he let the water out of the bath, as a thoughtful man should, and it all

Yet they called this place the lioness and the cubs. It lies not very far from the lion which is a sullen, roaring beast, and they say that when it is very active the other geysers precisely follow suit. After Krakatoa all the geysers went mad together, spouting, spurting and bellowing till men feared that they would rip up the whole field. Mysterious sympathies exist among them, and when the giantens speaks (of her more

pine branch overhead, when far across the fields and not more than a quarter of a mile from the hotel there stood up

A Plume of Spun Glass, incandescent and superb, against the sky. "That," said the trooper, "is Old Faithful. He goes off every 65 minutes to the minute, plays for five minutes and sends up a column of water 150 feet high. By the time you have looked at all the other geysers he will be ready to play."

So we looked and we wondered at the Beehive, whose mouth is built up exactly like a hive; at the Turban (which is not in the least like a turban) and at many, many other geysers, hot holes and springs. Some of them rumbled, some hissed, some went off spasmodically, and others lay dead still in STEAMING BATHS FOR GOBLINS. spasmodically, and others lay dead still in sheets of sapphire and beryl. Would you believe that even these terrible creatures would have to be guarded by the troopers to prevent the irreverent American from chipping the cones to pieces, or, worse still, making the geyser sick? If you take of soft soap a small barrelful and drop it down a geyser's mouth, that geyser will presently be forced to lay all before you and for days alterward will be of an irritated and in-constant stomach. When they told me the tale I was filled with sympathy. Now I wish that I had stolen soap and tried the ex-

periment on some lonely little beast far away in the woods. It sounds so probable and so human.

The Giantess in Trouble

flat-lipped, having no mouth; she looks like a pool, 50 feet long and 30 wide, and there is no ornamentation about her. At irregu-lar intervals she speaks and sends up a column of water over 200 feet high to begin with, then she is angry for a day and a half sometimes for two days. Owing to her pe-culiarity of going mad in the night, not many of the people have seen the Giantess at her finest; but the clamor of her unrest,

like thunder among the hills.

When I saw her trouble was brewing. The When I saw her trouble was brewing. The pool bubbled furiously, and at five-minute intervals sank a foot or two, then rose, washed over the rim, and huge steam bubbles broke on the top. Just before an eruption the water entirely disappeared from view. Nota bene—Whenever you see the water lie down in a geyser mouth get away as fast as you can. I saw a tiny little geyser suck in its haby breath in this way, and in-

A Column of Diamonds. years shall learn that "Hattie," "Sadie," "Mamie," "Sophie" and so forth have taken

out their hairpins and scrawled in the face of Old Faithful. put down their impressions in diaries and notebooks, which they wrote up ostentatious-ly in the verandas. It was a sweltering hot day, albeit we stood somewhat higher than the level of Simia, and I left that raw pinecreaking caravansary for the cool shade of a clump of pines between whose trunks glimmered tents. A batch of United States troopers came down the road and flung themselves across the country into their rough lines. The Melican cavalryman can ride, though he keeps his accourrements pig fashion and his horse cow fashion.

Soldiers and Cowboys. I was free of that camp in five minutesfree to play with the heavy, lumpy carbines, have the saddles stripped, and punch the horses knowingly in the ribs. One of the men had been in the fight with "Wrap-Up-

concluded my friend. A couple of cowboys—real cowboys— jingled through the camp amid a shower of mild chaff. They were on their way to Cook City, I mancy, and I know that they never washed. But they were picturesque ruffiaus, exceedingly, with long spurs, booked stirrups, slouch hats, fur weather

cioth over their knees and pistol butts just "The cowboy's goin' under before long."

"He has the money. We have the skill. He comes in winter to play poker at the military posts. We play poker-a few. When he's lost his money we make him drink and let him go. Sometimes we get

the wrong man." Cancht the Wrong Cowbox

And he told me a tale of an innocent cowwas the post that was cleaned out when that long-horred Caucasian removed himself, heavy with everybody's pay and declining the proffered liquor.
"Noaw," said the historian, "I don't play

revolver. a man aren't allowed to play with no firearms. He's got to be taught all that when he enlists. I didn't want much teaching how to shoot straight fore I served Uncle Sam. And that's just where it is. But you was talking about your Horse

I explained briefly some peculiarities of equipment connected with our crackest crack cavalry. I grieve to say the camp

roared. "Take 'em over swampy ground. Let 'em run around a bit an' work the starch out of 'em, and then, Almighty, if we wouldn't plug 'em at ease I'd eat their horses."

Cavalry Behind the Trees.

by preference, would fight in timber? The evident sincerity of the men made me think hard as I moved over to the hotel and hard as I moved over to the hotel and joined a party of exploration, which, diving into the woods, unearthed a pit-pool of burningest water tringed with jet black sand, all the ground near by being pure white. But miracles pall when they arrive

at the rate of 20 a day. A flaming dragon fly flew over the pool, reeled and dropped on the water, dying without a quiver of his gorgeous wings and the pool said nothing whatever, but sent its thin steam wreaths up to the burning sky. I prefer pools that talk.

A Henry James Maiden.

anon) they hold their peace. She is a at her critical commendation of the wonders woman. I was watching a solitary apring that she saw. From that very resolute little within the line of the woods, catching at a mouth I received a lecture on American lit-

erature, the nature and inwardness of Washington society, the precise value of Cable's works as compared with Uncle Remus Har-ris, and a few other things that had nothing

American Versus English Manners. Not so those delightful people from New Hampshire. They were good enough to treat him—it sounds almost incredible—as a human being, possibly respectable, probably not in immediate need of financial assistance. Papa talked pleasantly and to the point. The little maiden strove valiantly with the accent of her birth and that of her reading, and mamma smiled benignly in

Balance this with a story of a young English idiot I met mooning about inside his high collar, attended by a valet. He condescended to tell me that "you can't be too careful who you talk to in these parts." And stalked on fearing, I suppose, every minute for his social chastity. That man was a barbarian (I took occasion to tell him so), for he comported himself after the manner of the head hunters and hunted of

You will understand that these foolish stories are introduced in order to cover the fact that this pen cannot describe the glories

Next morning Tom drove us on, prom sing new wonders. He pulled up after few miles at a clump of brushwood where ar army was drowning. I could hear the sick gasps and thumps of the men going under, but when I broke through the brushwood the hosts had fled and there were only pools of pink, black and white lime thick as turbid honey. They shot up a pat of mud every minute or two, choking in the effort. It was an uncanny sight. Do you wonder in the old days the Indians were careful to avoid the Yellowstone? Geysers are permissible, but Dore-like mud is terrifying.
The old lady from Chicago took a piece of
it, and in half an hour it dried into limedust
and blew away between her fingers. All maya-illusion

and crystals. There was a water all of boil-ing water, and then a road across a level park hotly contested by the beavers. winter they build a dam and flood the low lying land; every summer that dam is torn up by the Government, and for half a mile you must plow axle deep in water, the wil-lows brushing in to the buggy and little water ways branching off right and left. The road is the main stream—just like the Bolan line in flood. If you turn up a byway, there is no more of you. And the beavers work the buggy into next year's dam.

Chance Cavalry Escort. Then came soft, turfy forest that deadened the wheels, and two troopers on detachment duty stole noiselessly behind us. One was the Wrap-up-his-Tail man, and they talked merrily while the half broken horses bucked about among the trees. And so a cavalry escort was with us for a mile, till we got to mighty hill all strewn with moss agates, and everybody had to jump out and pant in that thin air. But how intoxicating it was! The old lady from Chicago ducked like an emancipated hen as she scuttled about the road, cramming pieces of rock in her reticule. She sent me 50 yards down to the hillside to pick up a piece of broken bottle which she insisted was moss agate.
"I've some o' that at home, an' they shine.

At last we pulled up disheveled at "Larry's" for lunch and an hour's rest. Only "Larry" could have managed that school feast tent on the lonely hillside. Need I say that he was an Irishman? His supplies were at their lowest ebb. A seven-foot giant from Arkansas on the back hovel

recipients of Larry's imperial bounty. Larry's Remarkable Gift. It was only later that I discovered I had paid 8 shillings for tinned beet, biscuits and beer, but, on the other hand, Larry had said "Will I go out an' kill a buffalo?" And I felt that for me, and for me alone, would be have done-it. Everybody else felt that, too, Good luck go with Larry!

"An' now you'll go an' wash your pocket handkerchies in that beautiful hot spring round the corner," said he.
"There's soap an' a washboard ready, an' 'tis not every day that ye can get hot water for nothing." And he waved us large

far off snowy peaks by putting out my hand. Never was such maddening air. Why we should have washed pocket hand-

kerchiefs Larry alone knows. It appeared o be a sort of religious rite. In a little valley overhung with gaylypainted rocks ran a stream of velvet brown and pink water. It was not-hotter than the hand could bear-and it colored the boulders

in its course. Washing the Handkerchiefs.

There was the maiden from New Hamp-shire, the old lady from Chicago, papa mamma, the woman who chewed gum and all the rest of them gravely bending over a washboard and soap. Mysterious virtue lay in that queer stream. It turned the

in the Yellowstone by the light of the eyes of the maiden from New Hampshire. Four little pools lay at my elbow, one was o black water (tepid), one clear water (cold) one clear water (hot), one red water (boiling). My newly washed handkerchief covered them all and we two marveled as chil-

Canyon of the Yellowstone?" said the eling far below. And the sides of that gult were one wild weiter of color-crimson. emerald, cobalt, ochre, amber, honey splasbed with port wine, snow white, ver milion, lemon and silver gray in wide washes. The sides did not fall sheer, but were graven by time and water and air into monstrous heads of kings, dead chiefs, men and women of the old time. So far below

of jade green. Nothing Compares With It.

The sunlight took those wondrous walls and gave fresh hues to those that nature had already laid there. Once I saw the dawn break over a lake in Rajputana and the sun set over the Oodey Sagar amid a circle of Holman Hunt hills. This time I was watching both performances going on below me, upside down you understand, and the colors were all real. The canon was burning like Troy town; but it would burn forever, and, thank goodness, neither per nor brush could ever portray its splendors adequately.

The academy would reject the picture for

a chromo-lithograph.

Evening crept through the pines that
shadowed us, but the full glory of the day flamed in that canyon as we went out very cautiously to a jutting piece of rock-blood-red or pink it was-that overhung the deep-

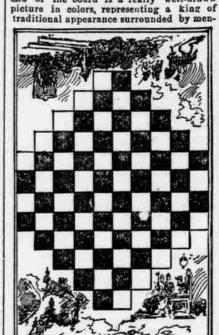
scouts, etc. A broad trail winds about the board, in and out among the various pictures. It starts from "Fort Kearney," in one corner of the board, and ends in the "Black Hills," the entrance to which is defended by the Indian figures. The scouts are distributed among the players, and start from Fort Kearney, advancing along the trail so many squares at a time, according to the CHASING THE INDIANS OUT WEST, Military Maneuvers and Migration on SOME THAT ARE WON ONLY BY LUCK

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. F the many games Tiddledy-Winks Tennis recently offered for number shown upon the dial, which is spun sale there are a few around once for every player. About every sixth square on the trail is marked with some direction, and the latter must be obeyed by any scout whose number lands him on that spot. hat give promise of prolonged life and success. Some enthusiasts even predict Buffalo Bill on the Trail. that one or two of For instance, one of the first commands is, "Join Buffalo Bill." The counterfeit them will oust such ancient favorites as

kings and queens. It is played somewhat after the fashion of checkers and, without being so complicated or serious a pastime as chess, presents many features of interest The game is played upon a board containing 80 squares, grouped in the form of a diamond with the points cut off. At one end of the board is a really well-drawn

heckers from the position they have occu-

pied hitherto. One of these is known as

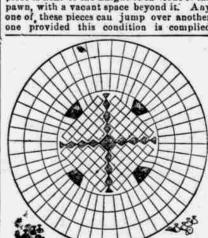


at-arms and viewing, with facial consterna-tion, the approach of the queen's forces. The picture at the other end of the board shows a gracious and slender queen receiving the homage of courtiers, while, in the distance, her artillery is starting in the direction of the king's palace.

How It Is Played. The pictures are typical of the game itself. A set of six black knights and fourteen pawns of the same hue form the king's army. The queen has a similar force arrayed in white, and the object of the two players is to occupy the opponent's head-quarters, comprising the two squares at each extremity of the board. The players move as at checkers, but the rules allow many moves that are inadmissible in the older game. From the outset the knights have power exceeding that of the kings of the checker boark. A knight may move to any square adjoining that occupied by him. He captures his opponents by jumping over them as in checkers, and may jump, as well as move, either forward, backward, diagon

ally or sidewise.

The pawn possesses limited powers. He can only move and jump lorward, either straight ahead or diagonally. Of course, piece is next to the knight or in front of the pawn, with a vacant space beyond it. Any



For Migration with. Friendly pieces are not affected by the jumps, however. Some of the combinations that arise are remarkable in the on portunity that they present for a reversal of

fortunes, and a single piece can sometimes travel all over the board in one series of jumps. A Somewhat Similar Game. Another new and first-class game, re sembling kings and queens in its object but played on a novel form of board and with much smaller pieces, is that of Migration. Its most distinctive feature lies in the fact that no pieces are removed from the board. but the object of each player is to first occu py his opponent's quarters. The board comprises an outer circle, which is the battle ground, and an inner circle. The latter is divided into four triangles, each of which is a headquarters, and contains 16 squares, each occupied by one man or piece. The pieces move one by one and a space at a time out of their triangle and around the

circle to their adversary's quarters. Jumps may be made over any piece ad-joining, so long as the square next to it, in a direct line with the jumper, is vacant. Successive jumps may be made sideways, disgonally and back again, it desired, the only limitation being the principle that a space cannot be skipped and that there mus be a vacancy beyond the jumped piece into which to land. Either four or two players

can compete. The chief skill lies in so scat-

opponent and preventing his taking advan tage of the opportunity afforded by these

to advance by successive jumps over each other and at the same time blocking one's

numbers running around the circle and a

For Wild West, tering one's own pieces along the route as to afford an opportunity for those in the rear

open jumps. A Pure Game of Chance. An excellent game, differing altogether from those heretofore described, and one that is peculiarly appropriate and interest-ing at the present time is the Wild West. their existence to a perpetual "hold-up," and one or more dials with a double set of

stationary pointer. The board is gavly decorated with pictures

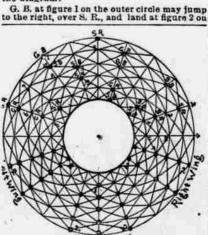
The Board for Louisa.

sible moves. The initials indicate the rank of the men and the army to which they belong; for instance, G. B. stands for general of the blues, S. R. for soldier of the reds, etc.

Rules for Militaire. At the outset the general is placed at figure 1, a colonel at each figure 2, and the privates occupy the remaining dotted sta-tions. Soldiers can move one space only back and torth on the oblique lines, but must keep off the radial lines. They may take an opponent only on the circular lines, and jumps are governed by the same rules as in checkers. Colonels have the privilege of soldiers and, in addition, may move any number of consecutive unoccupied positions along a circular or radial line, passing from one to the other and taking as many of the enemy as may be found on their line of march with one or more vacant spaces between them. When a general reaches the extent of the move permitted a colonel, he has the additional privilege of moving off the line to any other open position that may offer him safety or an advantage for his next move. Prisoners may be exchanged at the rate of five privates for one colonel.

an army is recinced to less than five men it declared vanquished. The following is the explanation of the

novements illustrated on the upper half of the diagram:



The Militaire Board. the same circle, thence on radial line to figures 3 and 4, thence to the left on second circle to figure 5, thence on radial line to figure 6, taking as prisoners all the men in red he passes over in that move. He may now move to figure 7 for safety and advantage, or to figure 8 for safety only.

A Colonel may jump in the same manner as far as figure 6, where he will have to remain, he not being entitled to the second move for safety.

he not being entitled to the second move for safety.

S. R., on the fifth circle near figure 2, may jump to the left, taking S. B. and C. B., and resting at figure 9. He cannot continue and take S. B. at figure 10, because a soldier cannot pass an unoccupied position. Neither can S. B. at figure 11 take S. R. at figure 12, because a soldier cannot move or jump on a radial line.

Another Game of Chance.

complish the circuit, when they proceed up the center aisle of squares to the castle in the middle. The player whose men all reach the castle first wins the game. The moves depend upon throws of dice.

Louisa is the rather mappropriate name of a very good game of chance played with a board in the shape of a cross. The men-

Games requiring special packs of cards are very popular with some folks. Geo-graphical cards, "authors," political (which is played on the map of the United States). Unlike the preceding games, it is purely a graphical cards, "authors," political (which game of chance. From one to four players compete. The implements are a large board, several figures of mounted Indians, four figures of scouts on foot but armed with rifles, which, by the way, they keep to their shoulders in a way that would indicate games, but those referred to it this article sion indicative of completed womanhood, that comes only to the faces of those who have loved.

In this attained immease success. Or course there are hundreds of other excellent indoor games, but those referred to in this article are representative of all the newest and the best, and afford ample choice for those who like to while away an occasional evening in testing their skill and strategic power.

Herbert W. Burdett.

A CRIB IN THE WALL

Waif's Pass to Protection. UNIQUE ASYLUM IN AREQUIPA

trail from his advanced post. Further along the trail, however, the directions encount-ered send the player back, instead of for-ward, and one who was within rifle range of One day, having extended my walk to the farther side of the enormous building where it faces an unfrequented thoroughfare, I observed something which aroused my curiosity to the highest pitch-merely a kind of wooden cage or turn-stile set in the walls, shaped like a circular box with two compartments, which chanced to be slowly revolving as I passed. What could it be—another "mystery of the Monkery," or a relic of Inquisition days? While I looked, the box and the lock of the the box slowly turned again and presented its blank side to the street, so like the surrounding walls, that one might pass thousand times and never notice it.

Couldn't Resist Investigation But a little groove remained, into which the fingers might be fitted; and of course the spirit of Mother Eve impelled me to try it. Pulled one away, it refused to move; pulled the other, the cage swung around compartment to the view. Journalistic enterprise demanded a solution of the riddle, and forthwith I became a walking interrogation point until the bottom facts were attained. with a rheumatic creak and turned its empty

usually give their opponents the 'first few games by a succession of 'faults,' but prac-A Detroit man recently patented a game called Militaire. Two opposing armies meet on a circular board. The officers and men are represented by circular pegs. The ments, each comprising a colonel and five men. The accompanying diagram shows whose sole business it is to watch for new arrivals at all hours of the night, to receive and care for them.

> visit this unique asylum, which, like all benevolent institutions of South America, is conducted under the direct auspices of the Church of Rome. Led by the matron, we went first to inspect the mysterious hole in the wall. Close to its inner opening stand the little iron bedstead-with a cross at the foot of it and a picture of the Mother of Sorrows at its head—where rests the goo sister whose nightly business it is to watch the revolving cradic and to take out new-comers. She informed me that the number of additions to the household by this means

during the current year (eight months of it were then gone), only 72 had been received. She said that the majority of these chilpromising to pay well for its future support. What suggestions of tragedy are here—of human feality and divine compassion!

edged children within), and purses put in labeled for the support of the infant received on such and such a date. No questions are ever asked, and no efforts made to trace the

'the insidious tooth of time.'

Traversing their moss-grown pavements we found the path obstructed by several donkeys that had been driven to the inner doors with supplies of fuel, milk and vegea heartache, with the knowledge that the rescued waifs, though comfortably fed and clothed, must become hardly more than automatons—rising and retiring, eating, sleeping, playing, and praying by inexorable rule, led by the nod and beek of their tancher.

four to each player—are moved around the outside edge of the four arms until they acstinct and being compelled by their vows to sternly repress the most tender sentiments of the heart. Worthy women though they nance in vain for one trace of that unde-finable yet unmistable sweetness of expres-sion indicative of completed womanhood, that comes only to the faces of those who

ing of the chieftam, and also wished to reward him for the services he had rendered in bringing the six nations to a peaceful frame of mind. So the big silver nedal was made, and presented with due

INSULATING MATERIAL FROM SILK PREPARED FOR THE DISPATOR.

consume, so that the contracts they make may be based on conditions to which both the parties attach the same definite meanalready being carried out, and the exactiing, in which the state of the meter and the vellow dimness of the flame are all that the is becoming a practice to rate them accorddefinite consumption of energy, which must give a corresponding value of light. It is also becoming the practice to sell current by meter, with the effect that the central station is run with closer economy, while the cus-tomer pays for exactly what he has bought. Current for electric motors is also being sold in the same manner, it being found that very often a little one-horse power motor has been hitched up to a five-

vention and perfection

ing on the recent destruction in this country frequently encountered. During the present winter a large number of snow owls have been shot on Long Island. These are Arctic birds. While gunning on the South

> A characteristic instance of this readiness to seize ou the electric wire as a scapegoat occurred some months ago in Brooklyn, when the Talmage tabernacle was destroyed by fire. It was conclusively proved by the officials of the fire department that the fire was caused by the electric wires, and this verdict was accepted by the public for some days after which, on examining the debris, the switchboard was found to be the only

thing that was not touched by the fire.

mont village blacksmith, 50 years ago, Mr. F. L. Pope, who has been investigating the subject historically, states that in order to insulate his wire the poor inventor was do with the present or future condition of insulate his wire the poor inventor was the weather. These birds make very atup into strips his wife's much prized wed-ding dress. One can imagine the tears with which the brave woman took it from her clothes press and gave it to him. This in-cident has recalled an amusing episode of the old telegraphic days when James D. Reid, now United States Consul at Dune

give him or his tar bucket any hospitality. That was in 1846. At another time the use of waxed cloth at the point where the wires met the suspension pins was tried. The only result was that the bees of all the country round made a dead set at the waxed rags, and in a short time were revelling in a beeswax boom that seemed without end. Their millennium came to an untimely close with the October frosts, and waxed rag insulation of that kind passed into history.

Not the least important effect of the general introduction of the electric light has

every morning. The suggestion which was made some

short time ago that electricity should be utilized for the shearing of sheep has been promptry taken advantage of by the Australian sheep farmers. A very effective iqtralian sheep farcers. A very effective in-stallation has just been made on the Rauka-puka estate for actuating Woiseley sheep-anearing machines by motors. Ten of these machines are now electrically worked there, and it is calculated that the extra value of the clip of 13,000 sheep has nearly recouped in one season the whole cost of putting up the machines. In the Raukapuka plant, a tenting drives the dyname and an overhead turbine drives the dynamo, and an overhead wire conducts the current to the motor which drives the shafting in the woolshed. Spe-

Letter No. 4.

PLUMES OF

port you to the park authorities." There was a plain, blistered and peeled

wholesome aroma of the pines in our nostrils throughout the day.

Laid Out Like Ollendorf. This Yellowstone Park is laid out like Ollendorf, in exercises of progressive diffi-culty. Hell's half acre was a prelude to 10 or 12 miles of geyser formation. We passed hot streams boiling in the forest; saw whiffs of steam beyond these and yet other whiffs breaking through the misty green hills in the far distance; we trampled on sulphur in crystals, and sniffed things much worse than any sulphur which is known to the upper world; and so, journeying bewildered with

mer growing up to the very edge of the line. That was our first glimpse of the gevser basin. The buggy was pulled up to a rough, broken, blistered cone of spelter stuff between 10 and 20 feet high. There was spure of boiling water jumped into the air and a wash of water followed.

look a gitt geyser in the mouth. I beheld a horrible, slippery, slimy funnel with water rising and falling ten feet at a time. Then the water rose to lip level with a rush, and an infernal bubbling troubled this Devil's Bethesda before the sullen beave of the Bethesda before the sullen heave of the crest of a wave lapped over the edge and chief, his horse's tail tied in red calico, swag-

notice; she, he or it being an arrangement of We drifted on up that miraculous valley. air, misshapen lumps of lime, mist-like pre-

Perfectly natural, too, was it that I should step into a pool of old dried blood rimmed with the nodding cornflowers; that the blood should change to ink even as I washed away in a squirt of boiling sulphurnever was park so carefully patroled-came

On this place of despair lay most of the trouble in Krakatos, who tell the pines when

sank down out of sight till another goblin

Yet he would be a bold man who would dminister emetics to the Giantess. She is

men say, shakes the wooden hotel and echoes

suck in its baby breath in this way, and in-stinct made me retire while it hooted after Leaving the Giantess to swear and spit and thrash about, we went over to Old Faithful, who, by reason of his faithfulness, has benches close to him whence you may comfortably watch. At the appointed hour

we heard the water flying up and down the mouth with the sob o! a wave in a cave. Then came the preliminary gouts, then a roar and a rush, and that glitering column of diamonds rose, quivered a moment, and stood still for a minute. Then it broke, and the rest was a confused sparl of water not 30 feet high. All the young ladies-not more than 20-in the tourist band remarked that it was "elegant," and betook themselves to writing their names in the bottoms of shallow pools that sowed the ground. Nature fixes the insult indelibty, and the after

The congregation returned to the hotel to

made me run.

Mark the nature of the human soul. I challenging all to single combat. But he

said my friend. "Soon as the country's settled up he'il have to go. But he's mighty useful now. What would we do without the cowboy?"
"As how?" said I, and the camp laughed.

boy who turned up, cleaned out, at an army post, and played poker for 36 hours. But it

with no cowboy unless he's a little bit drunk Ere I departed I gathered from more than one man that significant fact that up to 100 yards he telt absolutely secure behind his "In England, I understand," quoth the limber youth from the South-"in England

Guards now?

"But suppose they engaged in the open?" "Engaged in hades! Not if there was a tree trunk within 20 miles. They couldn't engage in the open." tlemen, the officers, have you ever seriously considered the existence on earth, subsequent to the year 1864, of cavalry, who,

There was a maiden-a very little maiden -who had just stepped out of one of James's novels. She owned a delightful mother and an equally delightful father, a heavy-eyed, slow-voiced man of finance. The parents

whatever to do with geysers, but were altogether pleasant. Now, an English maiden
who had stumbled on a dust-grimed, limewashed, sun-peeled, collarless wanderer
come from and going to goodness knows
where, would, her mother inciting her and
her father brandishing his umbrella, have
regarded him as a dissolute adventurer—a
person to be disregarded.

the background.

Baiance this with a story of a young

Assem who are at perpetual feud one with

the Upper Geyser basin. Spouting Dore-Like Mud.

naya—illusion—vou see! Then we clinked through sulphur in cubes

announced that the beer was following the beef, but Larry enveloped us all in the golden glamour of his voluble speech ere we had descended, and the tent with the rude trestle table became a palace, the rough fare delicacies of Delmonico, and we the abashed

handedly to the open downs, while he put the tent to rights. There was no sense of fatigue on the body or distance in the air. Hill and dale rode on the eyeball! I could have clutched the

linen white as snow in five minutes.

Then we lay on the grass and laughed with sheer bliss of being alive. This have known once in Japan, once on the banks of the Columbia, what time the salmon came in and "California" howled, and once again

"This evening we shall do the Grand "Together?" said I; and she said "Yes." All that I can say is that without warning or preparation I looked into a guif 1,700 feet deep, with eagles and fish hawks cir

that no sound of its strife could reach us, the Yellowstone river ran a finger wide strip

slow-voiced man of finance. The parents thought that their daughter wanted change. She lived in New Hampshire. Accordingly, she had dragged them up to Alaska and to the Yosemite Valley, and was now returning lessurely via the Yellowstone just in time for the tail end of the summer season at Saratoga.

We had met once or twice before in the park, and I had been amased and amused at her critical commendation of the wonders that she saw. From that very resolute little poetry, which was perhaps the best thing she could have done. RUDYARD KIPLING.

the Black Hills may, by an unlucky spin, be sent back to "Rescue lost girl," "Recon-noiter Indian village" or perform some other duty that throws him behind all his competitors. Upon reaching the Black Hills the luck scout receives an Indian, pony and all, and is translated to Fort Kearney, only to start again on the trail in quest of more Indians. The game is won by the player who bags the greater number of Indians, and prizes are often awarded. The intense interest and he keen excitement that this game sometimes gives rise to among a party of sdult players is remarkable. Children go half wild over it at critical moments, when, for instance, the leader spins a number that takes him to the command, "Assist in delense of Lone Tree ranch"—the ranch being n the rear of all the rest. Tiddledy Winks is one of the most fun-provoking games of a class differing alto-gether from the board games, all of which, by the way, bear a relationship, more or less remote, to chess and checkers. It is too well known to need description. A capital improvement, however, is tiddledy winks tennis, in which a felt cloth accurately marked out as a miniature lawn tennis court is used, and a net in the center takes the place of the original cup. The small counters are "served" over the net by means of the large one, and the method of scoring is that employed in lawn tennis. Beginners